FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY *THE FIREBRAND.*

Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty, that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. VII. NO. 31. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1901. WHOLE NO. 329.

A Hero Comes.

Oh, had I but the poet's soul I lost
  Amid the fray a many years ago—
Ah, who can tell the pain and shame it cost
  To face the struggle in a world of woe—
When the dull clowns their malice spewed on me
  Who had not injured them, and little thought,
Child that I was, they held my liberty
  And would coerce me to their cant and rot.

If I but had the poet's soul I lost
  With fire and fury I would meet them now;
In dust and ashes they would pay the cost,
  Astounded at receiving blow for blow.
The dullards! little deemed they that survives,
  Concentrate in the heliocentric draught,
The primal force that shall sustain the lives
  Of those who have the breath of Freedom quaffed.

For when I see the earth unpopulate,
  The barren fields, the joyless lives of men,
I am fulfilled of that eternal hate
  That shall revivify the world again.
Arise! their watchfires slacken on the heights,
  Fools that they are, they think the game is won;
Serene, insensate in their right of might,
  The might of right to them is all unknown.

If I but had the poet's soul I lost
  I could unmask their pious villany
In words so clear, so plain, that fools almost
  Would mark the cue and labor to be free;
The power of atavism would so stir
  Their blood they would be cultured clowns no more,
But Liberty their sluggish hearts would spur,—
  Aye, Seneca's "lost liberty" of yore.

Weak as I am I yet can prophesy;
  Like John the Baptist I can tell of him
Who comes—a hero of this century—
  The blossom of the ages old and dim,
The fruit of all time, greater far than all,
  Logician, orator and child of song,
Apollo of the Arrows, at whose call
  The mass shall rally to redress the wrong.

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK.

—— o.——

The Monster-Slayer.

JULY 29, 1900-1.

When I began to ascend that arch which spans the stream of life, it was customary to equip the little pilgrims with a stock of knowledge such as, I am told, has since gone out of fashion. In those happy days, for such they seem from the standpoint of that comparison, Mr. Gradgrind was not permitted to contaminate children's minds with anything "ological" till they had been fortified with the Arabian Nights; the old English ballads; the French fairy stories; Pilgrim's Progress; Æsop's fables; Robinson Crusoe; the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer Reynard; the Fox; adaptations of the Greek mythology; and last, but not least, the Book of Judges, which I make no excuse to readers of FREE SOCIETY for classing with the above. My venerated father took little trouble about teaching me to believe it; but he did teach me to love it. No villain of a preacher ever was able to make me see a counterfeit Samson in that magnificant original who took the sky off Atlas' shoulders: and now, if any misinstructed critic wants me to see a bogus Hercules in the hero who pulled the house of Dagon about the Philistines' ears; I shall, instead, make bold to see only in himself—a victim of that modern Herod, Mr. Gradgrind. Such are the fruits of judicious education! "Train up a child in the way that he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

It is indeed true, no doubt—I even see welcome proofs of it—that human nature is much too strong for Gradgrind. In 1900, as in 1850, children must learn to marvel before they learn to analyze: nevertheless, if it be true that the rising generation neglect Sinbad the Sailor for Alice in Wonderland, I think they have made but a poor exchange. Because, the wonderland of my infancy was an evolution. Every mighty species which inhabited it had been through the purgatory fires of natural selection. Amidst conceptions ante-dating the Tower of Babel—as our friend Gradgrind will tell you that these do—we may be very sure that not one, nor even a version of one, has lived without deserving it. In this most ancient and elect society—this aristocracy of the soul—a creation proud of its brand-newness can be nothing but a Brumagem. Time enough to call it worthy of the company when it has lasted a thousand years! And if it ever has, take my word for it, the antiquarians will have found out by that time it is no genuine plebeian, but a Romulus hidden in some shepherd's hut—at the worst a result of the *privilegium primæ noctis*, evidently connected by a feudal bend-sinister with some bouse of immemorial antiquity. Analysis drinks from an inexhaustible fountain; but conception flies instantly from sky to sky. It embraced, long since, all there is between the poles. Nothing can be added to its extant progeny. The only question—one for time to settle—is which descended on the other side from goddesses and which from clouds.

The mention of Clouds and their children—those rambunctious Centaurs—reminds me that among the figures which awoke my own earliest perception of romance, those two I have always found especially real and interesting, are the Monster and the Monster-Slayer. Why should I doubt the existence of horses with human busts; two-headed giants, six-legged Geryons, snaky-tailed Echidnas, "gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire"? Is not the world full of shapes as terrible and inconsistent? Are there no kings, in outward semblance quite ordinary men, whom nevertheless some infernal magic has enveloped with an atmosphere so pestilential that their mere existence causes a whole population to rot with pellagra; while an agitation which makes them reek will devastate a continent? Have we not financial wizards, who by one word of power can lay an embargo for centuries on some great river like the Scheldt, or charm all the once mighty merchant marine of New England off the ocean? Is there among us no dragon which exacts a tribute of a beautiful maiden to devour every morning? It would be well indeed if our dragon were satisfied with one!

The existence of the Monster implies that of the Monster-Slayer. I cannot see what else monsters exist for than to be killed. It is very true that people worship them; offer to them their substance, their offspring, and their blood; and call them by adulatory titles, as Majesty, Excellency, Reverence, Divine Institutions, Fatherland, and Righteous Law. But he knows little of the world who does not perceive that this is a worship of fear. Look at the bones of some dead monster, such as Negro slavery, and you will see that the execration of mankind descends upon these evil beings in the very moment when they cease to appear formidable. The Monster-Slayer exists to show that they can be killed. And the existence of the monsters themselves finds standing room within our sense of fitness, when we perceive that this demontration of their mortality emancipates the human mind from certain ignorances and weaknesses which are the souls of these creatures, necessarily taking bodily form—until they have been proved unable to keep it.

The Monster-Slayer's function being thus turning out of the spirit of some cursed nondescript into the Void, it always seemed to me a poetic duty of the Monster-Slayer's that he himself should die. Nothing in the exploits of my old friend at Gaza, ever pleased me like his last. "The dead whom he slew in his death were more than they whom he slew in his life." I don't wonder this Hellenic brother got into trouble with the women, and went mad, and killed himself, after dragging Cerberus up from the gates of hell. What else was there left for him to do? Those few monster-slayers who had not the grace to know when their work was over—Theseus, for example, and Jason, naturally turned out ill: in fact, from the date of their Minotaur killing or Argonautic enterprises, they appear very unnecessary people. There is a resurrection for the martyred hero, doubtless; but it must be in some other sort of state than this.

What a rebuke it is to Gradgrind then, that the twentieth century should be ushered in by a galaxy of Sphinx and Cyclop killers, every one of whom goes to meet his monster with the assurance—not the probability, but the certainty—that he must pass the gates of death! O Gradgrind, wilt thou call it unreality and fiction, that which has fed the souls of so many generations, who could not be persuaded that they had none; when, in this very millennial age of pig-philosophy, a Bresci, Luccheni, and Angiolillo, appear, like the Arabian princess, each ready to burn up some Devil's grandson of a genie, at cost of being burnt with him?

How absurd to call such actions murders! De Quincey, the esthetic authority on assassination, has told us that, from the standpoint of their art, killing some bad fellow—a mere murderer himself—is quite contemptible, "not worth calling a murder at all." How much less merits consideration in any sound philosophy of murder, the destruction of one who himself murders whole armies. The entire interest of such an action is clearly unlike that of a murder. Our great "murder-fancier" also remarks, most justly, that one should never murder a public character, because he possesses no human interest—"he is only an abstract idea." Well! have we not just seen that the whole importance of a Bresci's or Luccheni's act consisted in just this, that it was "an abstract idea" he killed? Evidently, considered as a murderer, the monster-slayer is out of court. It is in quite another character he appeals to our sense of the Sublime.

It has been made an objection to the monster-slayers of our period that they use enchanted weapons. But this I can consider nothing but proof of Gradgrind's pernicious influence, and the decline in wholesome reading. For did not all their predecessors do the same? Could Perseus have cut off Medusa's head without the shield in which he saw her face without looking at it? What the Gorgon's trophy was to him, when he delivered Andromeda, or when he knocked out the wicked King Polydectes and his court, that a lucifer match or a dynamite bomb is to our destroyers of sea-monsters and Monopolies. And Science—hear that, oh Gradgrind!—Science is our magic. I confess Jack the Giant Killer was always entered on my list of lost leaders at the point where Merlin, or whatever scoundrel it was, provided him with the helmet of indivisibility, the shoes of swiftness, and the sword of sharpness. But then, the reason is obvious. Having got all that, he could no longer die, like a true monster-slayer born for a holy purpose. Ours' always accomplish this last duty.

Among all the monster-slayers of antiquity commend me to Bellerophon. "Nobody should ever try to fight an earth-born Chimæra, unless he can first get upon the back of an aerial steed." This saying of Hawthorne's somehow sank deep into my heart, even before I was quite old enough to understand it. It inspired a profound sympathy, with which I used to share the weary patience of Bellerophon's watch for Pegasus, who so seldom visited this earth; the generous extravagance of offering to release his winged steed, after he had bitted him, and let the Chimæra rage (for none but a free Pegasus would have been any use); above all, the reflection, also somewhere suggested, that though Pegasus is immortal, Bellerophon must become a memory. Thus I learned, like the hero, to put my faith in that unspoiled mind to which the aerial steed is a reality, rather than in Mr. Gradgrind, who denies the existence of any horses except the dray variety, or in the forgetful old gentleman at Rome who half thinks he once saw some such a celestial-terrestrial being, but can no longer distinguish him from a piece of mouldy bread. Against falling into similar obliviousness, it is an infallible preservative to read in our daily papers that monster-slayers walk the earth once more.

C. L. JAMES.

The Seed of Anarchy.

What a cheap lot of individuals we workers are. An extra mouthful to eat, and we are happy; an extra nickel in our pocket, and we are contented; a kindly spoken word—a nod of recognition or some cheap personal favor granted to some of us by the employer, and our cup of joy is filled to the brim. Like the fellow who goes to fight Filipinos for thirteen dollars, rations and clothing, a month, we are cheap. We place but small value on ourselves, and our ambition is of small caliber.

We neglect to cultivate and strengthen our individuality, and generosity is our undoing. We are so generous that we neglect to study our material welfare, so that some one else may enjoy, in leisure, the result of our labor. We do not want the fact to dawn on us that affairs could be so arranged that we could unburden ourselves of considerable hard and wretched toil; for, if such a fact should force itself upon our attention, we might change things, in which event we would have to witness the priests, parsons, rabbis, mediums, fortune tellers, divine healers, czars, emperors, sultans, kings, presidents, governors, mayors, sheriffs, judges, jailers, hangmen, legislators, politicians, policemen, tax and rent collectors, soldiers, lawyers, bankers, brokers, speculators, financiers, millionaires, money lenders, pawn brokers, land lords, real estate agents, insurance agents, professional beggars, religious and commercial missionaries, gentlemen and ladies of leisure, spies, detectives, gamblers, saloon keepers, and the rest of our friends who make up the membership of the International Brotherhood of Idlers, having to do as we do, namely, engage in useful labor. Such a sight would be repulsive to our generous nature.

As to cultivating and building up a strong individuality, that is unthinkable, because if we were to do so, we might see the absurd position we at present, as workers, occupy in society, and conclude to arrange things a little more advantageous to ourselves, and that would work a decided hardship upon our friends—the members of the International Brotherhood of Idlers—for then they would have to travel on their own legs instead of riding on our backs as they do now.

Then, again, kindness, especially of the forgiving kind, is a virtue we are abundantly supplied with. Sometimes when the International Brotherhood of Idlers, in a fit of playfulness, shoot to death, executes on the scaffold, or imprisons in the dungeon some of our numbers, we hasten to forgive and forget the injury done to us, and even justify the deed, if we are told it had to be done to uphold the "majesty of the law." And our reward for all this, and for which we feel thankful, is now and then an extra mouthful of a full dinner pail, or an extra nickel in our pocket.

One time I thought the workers were possessed of personal pride and dignity, sufficiently strong to restrain them from cravenly cringing to any man who employed them. But that was long ago. It was when I was young and inexperienced in the ways of men. Through years of experience and contact with them, as one of them, I have found that manly independence, the offspring of pride and dignity, is not characteristic of the average worker. The average workman of the world takes no interest in the affairs of the world, nor in his own personal welfare beyond having a full stomach, and some of them do not even go that far. Talk about socializing them. Nonsense! They need to be individualized first. Then perhaps they may see where their interests lie and work toward it. Till then, attempts to establish a new social and industrial system must prove abortive, since the workers, for whose benefit the change is proposed, take but little, if any interest at all in the matter, and hence but small part in bringing about changes in the social and industrial affairs of human life. Here is where the work of Anarchism begins. Discerning that any social and industrial structure based on dwarfed individuality must of necessity be constructed in accordance with the principles that govern the law of restriction—rigidity, immobility, restraint, contraction—it first addresses itself to development, which primarily are the State and the Church, because they both being negative, subjugate and terrorize individual initiative, unless conducted within bounds limited by them. So far reaching is the power of these two human institutions—the State and the Church—that it is necessary that every tie that at present holds human society together must be broken, ere these two forces can be overcome and mankind liberated from their power; before the purpose of Anarchy can be achieved—the construction of an industrial and social system wherein Labor cannot be stupified, plundered and degraded.

That such free conditions will evolve into a system of disorder, rapine and murder, as the enemies of Anarchy would have us believe, is not true, because Anarchy is the removal of the disturbing forces in society that breed disorder, viciousness, and crime—the State and its ally, the Church. Inherently all men are good and inclined to follow the pursuit of peaceful industry when beyond the reach of the priest and politician. Mankind cannot destroy itself if it were so inclined, else why did it not do so in the infancy of the race, when there was neither priest nor politician present to protect it? When men who toil securely possess what their labor produces and enjoy the full use of it, their environments will be more pleasant aud therefore the better traits of human character will rule men's lives instead of, as now, the baser greed, despondency and despair. The men of the future who are destined to live in unbounded freedom will be guided by different thoughts, different feelings, and a different code of action toward each other, than those of us who live and struggle amid the conditions of today, and consequently they will act differently, and the difference will be to their credit, not to ours. The men being free from the causes that arouse anger, hatred, greed, and superstition, will reconstruct society—socialize, civilize, not brutalize it, as the enemies of labor and the champions of the aristocracy of wealth and legal and ecclesiastical power have done. Absolute individual freedom is not the monster that all but Anarchists think it is, neither is restriction the good social god whom all but Anarchists think it to be.

The inevitableness of the absolute freedom of the individual and the certainty of the passing away of all authoritarian forces, lies in the womb of this fact; in equal proportion to the growth of the human intellect is also the growth of self-consciousness, and this forces upon us a feeling of resentment toward restraint when we are subjected to it by others than ourselves, hence the Anarchist of the present—be he militant or otherwise—is the individual manifestation of the forces at work in the human mind. CON LYNCH.

Los Angeles, Cal.

—o—

Voting Cattle.

Anarchism is dignified; it preserves individualism. But when I figure on the baneful influence of the priest, the politician, the stupidity and credulity of the masses, I notice a great drawback upon the salutary and intellectual progress mapped out by Anarchism.

So long as the average wage worker can be induced to vote on the strength of the promise of a full dinner pail, it cannot be within the reach of his comprehension to understand the causes of his bondage; he is unable to inspect the expensive fields of exploitation, nor can he discover the elements of despotism. Useless to talk to him of trusts and combines: their base appetite for unholy profits; of judges displaying a cynical contempt for the constitution; of leading journalists turning intellectual prostitutes; of justice seated in the antechamber of society.

His great aim is to gorge himself, the fixed and undeviating laws of his being point to liver and pie. This is deplorable! Still, knowing as we do that the spirit of enfranchisement never abides within the ranks of the slaves; let us continue to strike at the very root and marrow of absolutism ever trusting that our labor may not be lost, nor our energies wasted, and in time we'll command the attention of mankind.

E. M. BLUM.

—o—

Discuss the Money System.

A friend writes me:

I do not see how your governmental scheme of issuing money would help Labor in the least; the economic question lies much deeper than that. We here in the east use hardly anything else than greenbacks for money.

Government damns itself in the eyes of rational beings by the one fact that it issues money to the National Banks at one half of one per cent, but will not lend at that rate to States, Counties, Municipalities, or to one individual of the "sovereign people." Government denies equal rights, and does so entirely through the power of money.

My friend must have his own particular meaning of "economic question." The Standard Dictionary defines economic as, "Relating to the science of economics; pertaining to money matters, or wealth, or to the means and methods of living well and wisely." This is exactly as I understand the term. Money comes first, money is the head, backbone, legs, arms, and moving spirit of the present economic system—the greenbacks are based on gold, they are redemption money, and draw interest just as gold does. The First National Bank of New York has just paid a dividend of nineteen hundred per cent (1900 per cent); can the economic question lie deeper than that? Well, hardly! There is only one thing to beat it, even in "lies," and that is 1900 years of Christianity, which has so degraded and robbed Labor, that today Labor is worse off than ever before in the history of the world—one moment please before you call this assertion foolish—because Labor now receives, or uses, a far smaller proportion of its productions than in all past records.

If government issued fifty billion dollars in greenbacks, and paid therewith for building the Nicaragua Canal, and duplicating the main railroads in the United States, Labor would not be worked more than eight hours daily, and could be paid eight or ten dollars a day; for when the fifty billion dollars had been paid for the canal and railroads, they would belong to the whole nation and would have cost the government just the amount of the Labor expended in printing the greenbacks. It strikes me that Labor would thus be so much benefited that he would be realized as the real thing to be considered—I should like to go on, but your space is too valuable; do, please, open your columns for discussion; there is only one question before the world today—*Money*. For this men and women lie, cheat, steal, murder; for lack of it, suicide; what a man is goes for naught, *Dollars* are now the only mark of worth.

The shrewdest man in the world are living on the toil of others—through the money system. KINGHORN-JONES

San Francisco, Cal., 36 Geary St.

COMMENT.

Comrade Kinghorn-Jones seems to be utterly blind or hypnotized in regard to the money question. Money in itself has no power, but is simply a means by which the deluded subjects of government are fleeced. Consequently not the alteration of this means, but government which controls the "medium of exchange" is the paramount issue. And to expect that governments, or rather those who benefit by it, are going to cut their own throats, is to expect that the current of rivers can be made to run up hill.

But admitting, for argument's sake, that through the issuance of a worthless medium of exchange all men would be set to work and receive ten dollars a day, would not the necessaries of life increase in price, and the wealth producers be compelled to pay for the nicely worked out scheme?

For thousands of years the "medium" has been modified, altered, and "regulated," to suit the illusive whims of the discontented people, yet the condition of the slaves—now called workingmen—has ever remained the same. Submission, drudgery and poverty is their lot; and thus it will be as long government and private property in land and the means of production are recognized, no matter whether the medium of exchange be gold, silver, paper or leather. A. I.

—o—

The blood on the hands of the king
And the lie at the lips of the priest.
—Swinburne.

Animals, Plants, and Societies.

I am tired. Tired of hearing it said that it is "almost universally admitted by biologists and scientists in general that all things survive by strife and that conflict is the law of life," and hence that it is a natural for men or nations to fight each other. Now I will offer Walter Leighton a public apology through FREE SOCIETY'S columns if he will tell me where one biologist of first-rate reputation has said that conflict between representatives of the same species is a prevalent law in any principal section of the biological world, except only in the matter of sexual competition. Darwin explained carefully enough what he meant by the "struggle for life." It is not a struggle of rabbit against rabbit, but of every rabbit against such enemies as weasels, frost, hunger, and tuberculosis. In this struggle the rabbit who hoes his row best is the best fellow, and his family "survives" because he is "fittest." The "struggle for life" of popular slang, in which creatures of the same species fight each other, is no more known to biology than the Single Taxer's "law of least resistance" is known to physics. All this is said without prejudice to the other fact, that it is ridiculous to set aside an opponent's argument on social life by citing an analogy of animal or vegetable life as if that was conclusive. If dog did eat dog, contrary to the proverb, it would not prove that nation should or would eat nation, or even government eat government. I have no objection to any one's calling society an organism,—it is just as good as calling it an engine or a Chinese puzzle,—if he will only remember that organisms are of all sorts, including bacteria, amebas, mushrooms, ascidians, rose-bushes, and many others; and as soon as you include society among organisms you must include not only societies of men, but societies of bees, wolves, beavers, crows, etc. Consequently one cannot infer, from the statement that society is an organism, that society has any qualities except such as are common to all these. And experience teaches us that the organisms most like human society are amebas or horseradishes, rather than birds of paradise. The trouble with almost all these "organism" people is that they assume that if society is an organism, it must be something like a vertebrate animal. The only consistent conclusion from such an argument is the divine right of kings; for every vertebrate or arthopod organism is characterized by the presence of certain cells which by birth have an indefeasible right to control the actions of the body. There is no more room in such an organism for democracy than for Anarchy.

But, to get back to Mr. Leighton, we are to believe in the danger of European invasion on the word of "such an authority as Brooks Adams." What proof has Brooks Adams given of his reliability as a prophet? The question being military, I might prefer to trust the man whom the *Review of Reviews* (August, p. 140) calls the "foremost authority on modern warfare," who opposes Brooks Adams. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

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A boy and a girl who offered to carry a heavy package for an old woman in the streets of Vienna have got into trouble with the police for carrying parcels without a license.—Ex.

FREE SOCIETY.

Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Asso.

A. ISAAK.....PUBLISHER

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at Chicago as second class matter, Apr. 5, '01.

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

Property in land was established by violence; land was usurped by conquest, and afterwards given away or sold; and in spite of all the attempts to transform it into a right, it still exists only through the violence of the strong and the armed against the feeble and the defenseless.—Tolstoy.

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Notes.

Since reminding our delinquent subscribers to pay up, a number have responded; but there are still a great many to be heard from. To these we again appeal not to delay this matter, if they are interested in reading and keeping alive the work of FREE SOCIETY. It is scarcely necessary to state that the publication of the paper depends upon a small effort from each subscriber. Paying one dollar a year for the paper is a burden to only a very few of our readers; to these the paper will be gladly and cheerfully continued, if they inform us of their inability to pay; but we cannot keep on our list the names of those whose neglect is actuated by indifference.

* * *

Comrade J. A. Gillie announces that he still has on hand about one thousand copies of the leaflet, "My Interview With Mr. Carnegie," which he will send for distribution for 30 cents a hundred. Address 826 Alice St., Oakland, Cal.

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Chicago Anarchist Club.

Chicago comrades are preparing for the fall and winter campaign of education. A series of meetings continuing throughout the winter will be held in the down town district under the auspices of the Chicago Anarchist Club. Thousands of cards are being distributed advertising the meetings and their object. We hope in this way to familiarize the public with the word "Anarchy." People who through a curiosity or a sincere desire to learn may come and hear what we have to say; they may learn how to make bombs and witness the process of selecting the "removers" of "obnoxious rulers."

There is but one way to overcome opposition, and that is to overcome it. In conservative circles a great deal of odium attaches to the word Anarchy. If one tells a conservative beforehand that what he is going to say to him will embody Anarchism, the chances are he will not listen, but if you hand him a card announcing Anarchist meetings his curiosity may prompt him to attend. And if he attends one meeting he is bound to go away, if not a sympathizer, at least with a better impression of Anarchism and Anarchists than he had before. He is sure to communicate his experience to his friends, and in this way much will be done to kill that bogy—the newspaper Anarchist.

W. F. Barnard, of international fame as a poet and lecturer, will open the campaign Sunday evening September 1, 8. p. m. sharp, at 26 Van Buren St., with an address on "The Creed of Liberty." A large attendance is expected. In this the newspaper are expected to help; for their craving for sensational news is sure to give us some double leader advertisement gratis.

J. F.

—o—

Note and Comment.

Comrade Wat Tyler informs us that owing to circumstances he was unable to send an article of the serial for this week. Next week the final conclusion of his an "Era of Transition" will appear.

* * *

The student of current events, while reading his daily newspaper, finds before him a queer and stricking conglomeration. Labor troubles and injunctions are to be heard of from every section, while murders, suicides, robberies, are daily and hourly occurences. And the "protectors" and "maintainers of order," the virtuous and moral police, are found to be far from what their official garbs represents them to be. Above all this the devout and pious reformer is heard to clamor for "more laws! more laws—and order!"

* * *

It is difficult to find on what the idea that the law and its executors insure a basis of safety to society rests. Aside from the fact that "everybody says so," which "everybody" gets the idea from "everybody else," the condition of modern life does not justify such a conclusion. It may be all very well to theorize what ought to be, or what would be if "honest officials" held office; but it behooves us to look at things as they are.

* * *

In Chicago for instance the police are found to be a lot of drunken, lazy louts. As an editorial news item of the Chicago *American* declares, "a certain policeman, whom his superior officer accuses of being drunk, raised a disturbance in a street car, arrested an innocent passenger and dragged him from the car to the police station." A few days ago another police ruffian in a fit of drunken insanity pulled out his revolver and shot it off at random in a hotel lobby. In New York "startling revelations" concerning the police are again agitating the public. The police force is found to be corrupt from top to bottom, and instead of "protecting society" from "criminals," an elaborate system of police protection for "gambling dens" is discovered. With a few slight variations of details and names, these "revelations" will apply to the police system from time immemorial. The remedy does not lie in an "investigation," or putting "honest men in office," but in sweeping the entire goyernmental system out of existence. To expect honesty from the cesspool of corrupt power, is as reasonable as to expect men to keep spotlessly clean while they they are working in mud.

* * *

Two injunctions have been turned out of the judicial factories in this vicinity recently. The iron moulders of Chicago have been enjoined from picketing at the Allis-Clalmers Company, and the pressmen in the employ of Conkey plant at Hammon, Ind., were also prohibited from picketing. The latter decided to disobey the injunction. This is a step in the right direction. If the workingmen would only show half the contempt for the law which its executors show for the workers, there would soon be no more judges and no more injunctions.

* * *

The strike in San Francisco shows no signs of coming to an end. The Labor Council has sent the mayor another letter, demanding the removal of a police commissioner. "The city is peaceful today in spite of your police," the letter declares. Let the workers follow that statement to its logical conclusion, and they will find that it is not only the strikers who need no police, but that they are entirely useless on all occasions. The Employers' Association is determined to crush out all the unions. The striking teamsters have been offered high wages, sometimes ten dollars a day, and long contracts at five dollars a day, but not one striker deserted the union. Such tenacity, if persevered in, is bound to bring results in time.

* * *

One incident in the San Francisco strike deserves special mention. Eight university students of Berkeley have been scabbing, and unloaded a vessel which had been tied up by the strike. The European reader, who has been used to look upon the universities as the center of political activity and progress, may find this incredible; but the American reader, who is familiar with the foot-ball propenseties of the average student here, will not find it so hard to believe.

* * *

This week a great many of the labor unions will celebrate what is known as "Labor Day." This ceremony is of small interest to the Anarchist. So long as the workers are willing to accept from the hands of the politicians such alms as a political "Labor Day," an entirely indipendent spirit is not to be expected. The "Labor Day" which we celebrate in the 1st of May—a day for which the worker has not asked the wily politician, but which he has taken of his own choice. The significance of the May day, which the laborer has chosen to remind the bosses that his independence of spirit has not yet entirely departed, is easily apparent; but it is hard to see the usefulness of day doled out to the worker to parade a mock "dignity of labor," which has no existence as long as the worker, as such, is an industrial slave.

ABE ISAAK JR.

—o—

Finis.

In regard to Mr. Fox's comment in No. 327 of FREE SOCIETY I will simply suggest to him that a plant is an organism, and yet has no central or governing intelligence—once more illustrating that it is merely the exist-

ance of organs that defines the organism, and not the incidental matter of governing-power, or dependence upon any given organ. Organization does not depend upon a central governing intelligence, and voluntary cooperation is the highest form of social organism that has yet been depicted for the simple reason that the friction arising from the natural and necessary dependence of human beings upon each other is thereby reduced to a minimum, resulting in the highest well-being with the least effort. Socialism is advocated because it is the longest step in that direction that can be taken. If Mr. Fox opposes Socialism because it proposes to give everybody enough to eat and wear and homes to live in—then his opposition is welcomed. If he opposes it because he thinks the Socialistic ideal will then be completely attained—then his ignorance is deplored. There is plenty of Soclalistic literature to be had for the asking. ALEX E. WIGHT.

COMMENT.

Since friend Wight insists upon repeating his former assertions, and adduces no new evidence in proof of the basic assertion that society is an organism, which assertion I think has been pretty clearly shown to be a fundamental error, the discussion is closed so far as I am concerned. J. F.

—o—

By the Wayside.

Perhaps the note which appeared in last week's issue of FREE SOCIETY, to the effect that the moulders of this city went on strike against the advice of the national union, and were therefore not entitled to assistance, will be misunderstood. I suppose what was meant is, that the strikers were not entitled to any aid from the union's standpoint. Anarchists and all liberty-loving individuals will assuredly congratulate the moulders for their independent action, and afford them all the aid and encouragement possible.

* * *

I owe P. M. Hyndman, of England, who has withdrawn from the Socialist Federation, an apology. He never was an M. P., but a wealthy man, which may account for his pessimism and "discouragement."

* * *

The efficacy of punishment is disputed in modern sociology, but an occasional "execution," committed on tyrants, seems to have a healthful effect on these monsters in human form. Since the "execution" of King Humbert, the Italian Anarchist weekly, *L'Agitazione*, has not been molested, while before it was constantly persecuted both by the censors and police.

* * *

According to the *Brauer-Zeitung* (Brewer's Journal), the Brewer's Association is bristling and needs a radical cooling down. In a circular this august body's first demand is the "Immediate relief from the oppression and abuses of the various Labor Unions." This attitude against "oppression" is really refreshing; and if the brewery workers are equally anxious to rid themselves of the exploiters oppression will soon be a thing of the past. But as both parties claim to be oppressed the workers should cut the Gordian knot by a contra-demand, viz., "Immediate relief from the oppression and abuses of the various exploiters and parasites in human form." This proposition carried out will solve the problem and set both parties free. A lively fight may ensue if the workingmen insist upon their demand, but if they are as determined to assert their independence as are the South African farmers, they soon will have the "bosses" off their backs.

* * *

As long as President Shaffer appealed to the sentiment of solidarity of the toilers to aid the steel workers in their struggle, there were prospects for success; but since he has taken God into the business, I fear he and the strikers will be forsaken. "You' Jesus allee timee bloke," said the Chinamen to a missionary woman, when she approached him the second time for money in one afternoon; and because God is ever "broke," he will go with Pierpont Morgan through thick and thin.

* * *

The outrageous brutalities perpetrated upon the Negroes in this country, are only the logical consequences of the ideas of government, punishment, and puritanism. But to compare "6,000 prominent citizens," who "enjoyed the sight of a burning Negro," with cannibals, is a gross insult to the latter.

* * *

After some of the strikers of Tampa, Fla., have been "kidnapped" and by threats of death driven out of che city, a woman has come to their rescue, who urges the strikers to resist such outrages by force of arms. Of course, she has been promptly denounced as an "Anarchist," while the kidnappers are "law-abiding citizens." Hail the courageous woman. INTERLOPER.

—o—

On Conventions.

I have read with much interest Voltairine de Cleyre's report of the movement in Philadelphia; and certainly feel gratified, and I may say that I am surprised at the progress the good cause is making there. It certainly shows zeal and activity among the comrades, which is a thing of the past here in Chicago. Perhaps the petty jealousies among the comrades do not exist there to the extent they do here.

As to the holding of frequent conventions in various parts of the country, they would in my opinion have to be largely attended in order to do any good. This would require more effort and self-sacrifice than some comrades would and others could make.

Chicago, 23 Bishop Ct. H. W. KOEHN.

—o—

Helena Born's Writings.

Helena Born's writings, as was mentioned in FREE SOCIETY at the time of her death some months ago, are being collected into a book. The volume will bear the title of "Whitman's Ideal Democracy, and Other Writings," and besides the initial essay, it will contain: "Thoreau's Joy in Nature"; "Poets of Revolt" (Shelley, Whitman, Carpenter); "Individualism vs. Organization"; "Ingenuities of Economic Argument"; "The Last Stand against Democracy in Sex"; and other papers.

Few have lived up to ideals as did Helena Born. Her philosophy was no untested theory but the vital principle of an energetic, influential life. Her essays, as they have appeared in various radical magazines, reveal a broad humanity, a grasp of principle, and a fearless logic which put her in touch with a circle of sympathetic minds far wider than that which included her own immediate acquaintance. It seems especially fitting to publish her writing as a memorial of her life and work.

The committee in charge of the publication are now getting the requisite subscription fund, and hope to place the volume in the printer's hands before winter. A biographical account is being prepared for the book, and a portrait will in all likelihood be included. Care will be taken to issue the volume in a simple and beautiful style befitting the contents. Subscriptions (at $1 for each copy) may be sent to the treasurer of the Publication Committee, Dr. Gustave P. Wiksell, 410 Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass., or to FREE SOCIETY.

—o—

Attention.

The attention of the comrades is called to another spy. He is well dressed, of medium height, rather narrow shouldered, blond, and about twenty-five years of age. Up to the present he has made his appearance in Chicago and Cleveland. In the former place he remained but a short time, while in Cleveland he disappeared when the comrades had confirmed themselves of his identity, and were on the point of exposing him. His demeanor is of the usual sort, pretending to be greatly interested in the cause, asking for names, or soliciting aid for acts of contemplated violence. If this same individual makes his appearance elsewhere, the comrades are warned in advance, and can act accordingly.

—o—

Here and There.

Press dispatches report that the administration has been "doctoring" offiical documents before they are given to the public. So, for instance, the fact that the American authorities have been tolerating chattel slavery in the Philippines has been suppressed. Major O. T. Sweet reports to the war department that when the title to a slave was not clear, he set him at liberty, but when the title was clear, he "recognized" it.

The steel strike is still on, though President Shaffer has made several propositions for a settlement. At South Chicago the workers did not go out; but now one of the leaders who most urged the men to remain at work, is suspected of being bribed, owing to the discovery of a letter which he received from the superintendent of the mill.

At Tampa, Fla., the cigar makers have gone back to work. The committee which is responsible for kidnapping the missing strikers, banished seventeen more men from the town or pain of death. Most of them have left. One deplored the necessity, but stated that they could not depend on the solidarity of their fellow workers to support them.

—o—

Literature.

The Problem of Worry. Solved by Herman Kuehn. N. B. Irving, 70 Dearborn St., Chicago. Not for sale.

A series of letters unfolding a plan for a cooperative credit union, which the author contends will abolish interest. It is radical in many passages, and denies the validity of authority. One is inclined to reflect that, notwithstanding this "solution," the problem of worry will still worry the minds of men as heretofore. A. I. JR.

History of the French Revolution.

XXI

About this extreme measure, different views are clearly possible. The one altogether untenable and absurd is that which represents him as a saint and a martyr.* To do justice unwillingly is not sanctity, and to die for betraying one's country is not martyrdom. That he was a harmless witless victim sounds better; but he was not harmless, and he showed intelligence enough to have hanged a poacher. Writers who admit his guilt but deprecate his execution, have invented other reasons to give against it, which are no wiser. Some say, e. g., it divided France and united Europe. The truth is that if the Girondins had been capable of learning, that deed they shared with the Jacobins must have united parties forever: and Europe was not roused by the king's execution, but by the decree of November 18 with its applications in Belgium, Italy, and Germany. Neither is it true that the rebellion of La Vendée was caused by the king's death. A Celtic people, like the Vendéeans, do not care a kail root for a foreign king whom they never saw. They were already insurrectionary, because their own priests were being ousted to make way for French Constitutionals—also on account of the draft: their revolt became general when an unprecedent conscription threatened taking them from their homes to fight in French uniforms. Those many sentiments—horror at the massacres, irritation at the treatment of the Church, dread of "Chaos" etc.—which later crystallized into Legitimism, were in solution still. On the other hand it is clear that to release Louis meant civil war; to keep him, unsentenced, in prison, was providing the royalists a rallying sign; to banish him was giving him to the foe. To kill him, settled something. "We hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, a king's head!" Danton said. More familiarity with modern parallels, like Mary Queen of Scots, and Charles I, might have taught that while Louis must always be troublesome, he would have some value as a hostage and some revenge as a ghost. He was worth more to France and less to her enemies, alive than dead. This is the real reason why his execution was a blunder on the part of those who principally desired it. On the whole keeping him, under sentence, would, I incline to think, have been the wisest plan.

When the Girondins embraced the Jacobins and voted the decrees of November, was infused into the Revolution that devotion to ideals, which made it, as Matthew Arnold says, the most inspiring event in history. Not now a few dreamers, but a party, nay a nation, nay the future, is committed to this, that there shall be no more privilege, no *status*, no sham! Individuality, originality, reality, shall I say it? Anarchy! has come, and come to stay. It is tolerably evident that vacillation in such a program must be fatal to the vacillator. But ideals are realized by experimental induction, not ambiguous logic. Nearly the same difference of practical consistency and inconsistency which divides Jacobin from Girondin appeared almost simultaneously among their enemies. Burke was a worthy foe to the Jacobins because he perceived that he was contending not against a government but an Idea; so he "preached a holy war" for the opposite ideas—precedent, dogma, property, "Clothes" as Teufelsdröckh would say. He, more than anyone else, is the parent of Legitimism. Pitt, about to declare hostilities against France, never (just like the Girondins) got hold of the important truth. To him there was only a commercial difficulty between the nations. Burke, Pitt, Girondins, and Jacobins, may all be said to have failed, but how differently! Burke died like the sun clothing his departed day in the unforgettable splendor of his beams: the Jacobins like the earthquake whose results remain forever, though as a merely destructive force it quickly passes. Pitt died of a remorse whose burden was his own incompetence. The fate of the Girondins was very similar.

By an old treaty between England and Holland, the Scheldt had been closed, and Amsterdam, once the rival of London, reduced to comparative insignificance. Pursuant to the November decrees, the French on occupying Belgium declared that this wicked embargo upon the industry of the world to pamper a handful of monopolists must cease (28th). This was what brought reluctant Pitt to follow George III and Burke into an attitude of emnity towards France. Since August 10, the English ambassador to Paris had been recalled,—as there was no established government,—and business confided to a secret agent, Mr. A. W. Miles. On January 13, 1793 Miles wrote that the French were willing to recall the decrees, and to give up the Scheldt. On Danton's motion the decrees actually were suspended, but not till April 13. That the Girondins' power was declining by that time, Pitt could hardly be expected to know—besides it was too late. The war they rushed into, with characteristic zeal for a maxim, had actually begun. The party to whom maxims were only mutually qualifying generalizations of experience, could not get out of it. Pitt, though not a great writer and thinker, like Burke, was too much of a politician to trust the Girondins. The execution of Louis—a good clap-trap card to play—was made an excuse for dismissing the French ambassador from London. On February 1 France declared war against England and Holland, an impolitic step, for it put her technically in the wrong. But the liberal party of all countries laid the real blame on Pitt. He long continued to be "the best abused man" in the world. He was Satanic Pitt, Bottomless Pit. The fiends of Famine, Slaughter, and Fire, saluted him as their chief employer, and promised him those rewards in their several powers.* If Justice could not reach him, Mercy should "hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand." He got up the rebellion in Vendée, the tumults in Paris, the counterfeit assignats. His friends, more unkind than his foes, identified his name with the Test, rotten boroughs, the Holy Alliance, and every wrong which in his better days he had opposed. History, after a century, can take more impartial views. A few usurers, whom the great English government dared not disobey, because such governments can no longer rely on something else, are responsible for a war of nine years' duration, which devasted Europe and decimated her inhabitants, doubled the National Debt of England, and set back for half a century her progress in liberty, education, and positive habits of thinking, that is in civilization. Such are the blessings nations owe to institutions! Yet even now there are English writers, not the most conservative, but mole-eyed enough to speak of their country's escape from the red Pyrrha of French radicalism with all the gratitude of Horace.

The fortune of war had already turned against France. Custine was defeated at Hochheim, December 14. A Prussian army crossed the Rhine and drove him back to the lines of Wissembourg. In Italy no progress was made. Pitt, supplied by parliament with a vast subsidy, now organized a new coalition far more formidable than the other. Fifty thousand Spaniards, 45,000 Sardinians, 70,000 Germans on the lower Rhine, 33,000 Austrians on the Meuse and Moselle, 112,000 Germans on the upper and middle Rhine, ready were to begin the new campaign. The Convention ordered a levy of 300,000 men. But besides filling up the measure for Vendée, this doubtless contributed to those riots in Lyons, Bordeaux, and other Girondin cities, which quickly developed into open treason. Federalists opposed to the conscription made common cause with poor people eager after the maximum; which, being popular at Paris, was

* A number of stories which I do not believe, envelope this poor king's death and even his life in a sort of legendary halo. Though not an absolute fool, he is represented by strict contemporary eye-witnesses as on all occasions unready and wordless to an inconceivable degree. Who then can credit the anecdotes which put into his mouth many sentimental speeches and at least one (well worn) joke? Thiebault tells a story which would make him either unreasonably quick-tempered or brutal; but this (with much else in Thiebault) I disbelieve. There is nothing to be said of Louis' character. No man who lives in history came nearer to having none. The Abbé Edgeworth never said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" This is his own statement. Santerre denied that the king's voice was silenced by drums. Louis, the last man in the world to make a long extempore speech, had finished his meaningless words before the drums began, to drown a few royalist shouts. Beaufranchet, who carried Santerre's order to the drummers, was not, so far as parish registers permit us to judge, the son of Louis XV; though he was of Maria Murphy, the first girl ever brought to the Parce aux Cerfs. She was married off at an early age, like her successors; and he was born long afterwards. In both the Convention and the Commune Louis' death was much less spoken of than Lepelletier's.

* THE FIENDS.

He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we give him honor due?

FAMINE.

Wisdom comes with want of food.
I will gnaw the multitude,
Till they seize him and his brood—

SLAUGHTER.

They shall tear him limb from limb.

FIRE.

Oh, faithless beldames and untrue!
Is this all that you can do
For him who did so much for you?
Ninety months, right well, in troth,
Hath he catered to you both.
Would you with an hour repay
Eight years' work? Away, away!
Only I am faithful; I
Cling to him everlastingly!

—Coleridge, *War Eclogue.*

It is plain that in the sonnet quoted above, this poet recommends Pitt's assassination. Pitt was not Gary. As a magistrate he could not retaliate.

used again to inflame rich Girondins against that city. For at this time there was once more much distress, caused partly by depreciation of the assignats. But what was worse than all the rest, Dumouriez ceased to be reliable. He had cause for discontent. The war minister Pache (Jacobin) sent him, he said, too many reproaches and not enough support. Army contractors and other cormorants were plundering to such an extent that the Belgians became disaffected and the soldiers discouraged—an evil furthered by that redundancy of old-regime officers which still prevailed. Meanwhile, the Girondins at Paris, with characteristic absurdity, were denouncing the Jacobins as "Anarchists" (apparently a new word), "hired to disgrace republicanism by Pitt!"—who had become the Old Nick Machiavelli of popular imagination. The assertion of Lamartine that Dumouriez was now virtually dictator is quite erroneous; but it might have been suggested by Dumouriez himself. He thought he saw in the quarrels of the French republicans a parallel with those of the English after Cromwell's death, and turned his self-supposed genius for intrigue to playing Monk. At the beginning of March he invaded Holland, took Breda, and threatened Dort. His purpose was to revolutionize the country and, with an army of 80,000 men, to be raised there, carry out that scheme of an Orleanist monarchy which at last found its opportunity in 1830 but its Nemesis in 1848! It failed completely this time. For the enemy had first to be reckoned with. The French, under Valence, were driven from Aix la Chappelle; and the siege of Maestricht was raised. The Austrians under their Archduke Charles, completely defeated another corps commanded by the South American, Miranda. Dumouriez saved the wreck of this force, and concentrated his troops at Antwerp, where he was visited, in the midst of disaster, by the real dictator, Danton. The events of August and September had made this apostle of "daring" the brain to which other cabinet officers were but limbs. One of them, the mathematician Monge, gave as his reason for a measure "if I refuse, Danton will denounce me." Danton had himself told Louis Philippe that Servan (then war minister) was "a Miss Mary Ann," and he, Danton, the person to ask for favors. Unlike Robespierre or Marat, he was too thorough a politician to be clean. But, as with Mirabeau and other men of similar genius, there was a fundamental honesty in his very want of scruples. Robespierre or Marat might call him a thief; but no one could call him a humbug. He said bluntly that he loved money. He had an eye for the same taste in others. He demanded and got great sums to be spent in bribery.* He would have huffed the notion that secret service funds could be accounted for. If any one thought too much stuck on Danton's fingers, let him find an agent who would do more with the stuff than Danton! Such an administrator readily saw the justice of Dumouriez' complaints: and as easily, that extensive peculation was an inevitable incident of that wasteful method which is called War. He flew back to Paris, found nerve enough to lay the blame on the Convention, poured forth an impassioned appeal against those party squabbles which "did not kill a single Prussian," and had the satisfaction to see troops instantly rushing to the front. This was on March 9.

About the same time it appears from contemporary sources, that the Girondist Convention did that very thing which afterwards brought so much obloquy on the Jacobin (as yet still a Girondin) Barere. A decree was passed which proclaimed Pitt an enemy of the human race, and ordered that no quarter should be given the English. Rather obscurely, as to chronology, is this treated by Carlyle, Alison, and other professed historians. But the original account is near the end of Captain Dampmartin's *Evenemens qui sont passes sous yeux pendent la Revolution Francaise*, 1799. Dampmartin drifts away to Prussia, and is patronized by Comtesse Lichtenau (see her Memoirs, English version, 1809). Nothing more passed under his eyes during the great war of 1793. He can scarcely therefore refer to Barere's decree of 1794. That was openly disobeyed by the army; this, as he tells us, evaded. The English taken by Dumouriez were reported "deserters." Barere himself refers to this fact in moving his own infamous decree. If Burke's hatred of French Revolutionists were not so indiscriminate, this might excuse his want of charity for the Girondins. But it loses balm when we find him ready to believe that Lafayette cut out Foulon's heart! On the 10th of March there was a demonstration against the dominant Convention party. As they were charged with conspiracies (in July previous, and now in Belgium) one section presented a petition for their arrest. Some of their printing offices were attacked. Their general, Bournonville, dispersed the mob; and nothing came of it except this; that in fear, real or pretended, they staid away from the Convention, thus giving control to the other side. Next day, on the 11th, Vergniaud rushed to the tribune, ranted about the intolerance of revolutionary opinion, impending despotism, "Saturn devouring his children," etc., and very consistently demanded punishment of the leaders in yesterday's riot. On the 12th Danton again rose to plead for unity of action against invaders. It is during these debates he suggested organizing those terrible bureaux which tyrannized over France for the next fifteen months. But it was written in the Book of Fate that nothing wrong should be done at this crisis without a Girondin. The actual mover was Isnard!—the best extempore speaker there. Some of his party (Vergniaud, e. g., Buzot, and Barere) opposed the creation of the Extraordinary (soon reorganized as the Revolutionnry) Tribunal on the ground that its machinery was too irregular. On the 18th, Dumouriez gave battle to the Austrians at Neerwinden, and was defeated. He fell back to Valenciennes. As his treason was now generally suspected, some commissioners were sent to inquire into his designs. He partly acknowledged them; but continued to retreat, and to correspond with the enemy. Another commission was sent to arrest him (April 2.) The same day there was talk of a new anti-Girondin mob in Paris. On their side, the Girondins had got a glimpse of Danton's dealings with Orleans and resolved to turn this against the former. Dumouriez arrested those who should have done as much for him, and gave them up to the Austrians, by whom they were kept in prison for three years. But his army would not sustain him, and on the 4th he fled, leaving his tarnished reputation by way of an Elijah's mantle for other Girondins to wear. Hitherto Danton had been all for harmony; and he still made occasional overtures to the Girondins. But being now personally threatened, he organized a "Central Revolutionary Committee." Paris was flooded with pamphlets which he inspired, though Desmoulins fathered them. Two days after Dumouriez' flight, the Danton-Isnard program of March 11 was further materialized by appointment of nine deputies, as a new Committee ou Public Safety.* This was the war bureau. It proceeded by arbitrary seizure of whatever the public service wanted. The Girondins were content, for Barere, just at this time very anti-Jacobin, was secretary. His colleagues let him have this place on no other ground than fitness. He was a glib talker, a ready writer, a passable scholar, a vigorous though not tasteful rhetorician, whose lack of any fixed principle made him also receptive to the views in fashion.

C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

* On the 25th or 26th of September, Danton sent Westermann and Fabre d'Eglantine to the seat of war. That their mission was bribery seems undisputed. According to one story, they paid the Prussian king's mistress to get the invading army withdrawn. According to another, which Gouverneur Morris heard, Westerman had $50,000 to procure it a safe retreat. When Danton went with Westermann and D'Eglantine to the guillotine, this was among Robespierre's charges against them. Probably all were well paid for their influence; but nothing except the military situation is needed to explain either the retreat or its success.

* The history of the Committees, very difficult to get at in detail, is chronologically important. First, as we saw, the new Commune had at its birth a Committee of Defense or Watchfulness (afterwards of Public Safety) which managed such momentous business as the September circular; moreover, after August 17, a Tribunal, voted by the Convention; which was the model of the Extraordinary or Revolutionary, appointed March 10 or 11 also by the Convention. This Convention had from January 21 a Committee of Public Defense, like the Commune. Its inconvenient number, of twenty one, was reduced to nine (the Communal figure); March 24. A Jacobin reorganization first took place April 6. Danton was now chairman. He imparted to the Committee that energy so signally manifested about June 1. In those great days the number rose to twelve, and the remaining Girondins were displaced; Danton resigned his functions (August); after which the same members served, though in theory their terms were brief, till July 1794. Other important committees were the Jacobin's Central, (of Fédérés at first) in the Club house, and the Sections Central, at the Town hall, organized in preparation for the revolution of August 10, as the (Communal) committee of defence also was. After August 10 the Section's Central was merged in the new common council; and the Jacobins slept, apparently till Danton revived it as the Central Revolutionary. This name seems to have been suggested by the Section, and other Revolutionary Committees, of twelve each. These while the Revolutionary Tribunal was established, received denunciations in every French township. During their palmy days, (after September, 1793), members received 40 sous per diem. No doubt, these organizations too, originated, like almost everything practical of this period, with the Commune of Paris. The words of Danton's Forty Sous law as given by the *Moniteur*, September 5, seem applicable only to the Sections of that city; but it appears the Revolutionary Committees were all paid at an uniform rate. (Cf. Carlyle, Book XVII Chap. VI, Book XVIII Chap. II.) I repeat, one finds it by no means easy to avoid confusion among all these little bureaux, *denominated* (but rarely *described*) by original authorities, in the absolete technical language of their time. Marat was supernumerary tenth man to the Communal Committee of Safety. The Committee of each section presided over its mass meetings.

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FOR NEW YORK.

On Sunday, September 15, at Mrs. Bresci's place, Cor. Oakwood and Prospect Aves., Hudson Heights, N. J., an international picnic will be held. There will be games according to the tastes of the parties; also some prizes for the lucky ones. All are cordially invited, and a great crowd is expected. The place is surronded by enchanting and shady woods, and with fresh breezes from the Hudson River, will certainly make the people as comfortable as they could imagine. Refreshments can be purchased at Mrs. Bresci's place. Come all ane early, and make the 15th a day of enjoyment and international fraternization. The proceeds are for the benefit of Mrs. Bresci and children.

Direction.—Take Summet Ave. car at Cristohper St. ferry, Hoboken, and ride to terminal of trolly. Oakwood and Prospects Ave., is a few blocks to the right of track.

OFFICE VS. KITCHEN.

The New York *Times* offered a prize of $25 to "the youg lady supporting herself by her own honest exertions who will write the best letter giving the reasons why she will not engage in domestic service." The committee awarded the prize to Miss Agnes Cummins, whose letter we print *verbatim et literatim*:—

"I am a stenographer. I work for men. They are more just, considerate, courteous and less tyrannical, insulting and exacting to women in their employ than women are. I am 'sold' less hours. Mornings, evenings, Sundays and holidays are mine. The hired girl is forever 'owned.' No one reminds me that I am a servant; this humiliation is frequently hers. I am recognized in the office; she is ignored in her employer's home; I am requested; she is commanded. I am asked for my opinion: she scarcely dare express herself. My mistakes are not unpardonable crimes; hers are.

"My opportunities to marry will exceed hers. I room where I choose; she where she must. Only God knows how meanly and cheaply her room is furnished. I entertain my company in the parlor; she in the kitchen, or a miserable, unattractive room. I have access to the parlor, piano, library and bathroom; from these she is barred. I dress as I please; she must often wear the insignia of servitude. No one commiserates or tongue-lashes me; she is often pitied, browbeaten and vilified. I have only one dictactor to please, she has the entire family.

"My net earnings equal hers. I am seldom so weary from a day's work that I cannot read or study; she usually is. I am welcomed to society: she is ostracized. I am regarded with confidence and treated as an equal; she is regarded with suspicion and treated as an inferior. I have variety of work; endless routine is hers. I am in line of promotion; there is no promotion for her outside of marriage or death. My mind is broadened, strengthened and quickened by contact with minds liberl, active and enterprizing; her labor tends toward narrowness and pettiness of detail."—Ex.

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